

THE
Muses Mercury:
OR,
Monthly Miscellany.

Consisting of
Poems, Prologues, Songs, Sonnets, Translations,
and other Curious Pieces, Never before Printed.

By the Best and most Celebrated Hands;

WITH
A SATYR, call'd, *The STAGE Vindicated.*

For the Month of JULY.

To be continu'd Monthly.



Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.

LONDON, Printed by J. H. for Andrew Bell, at the Cross Keys
and Bible in Cornhill, near Stocks-Market. 1707.

Where are to be sold those for January, February, March, April, May, June, &c.

CONTENTS.

T HE Stage Vindicated: <i>A Satyr.</i> By I. H. Esq;	Page 152
To Mrs. Harfenet, on the Report of a Beauty, which she went to see at Church. By Mrs. A. Behn,	161
To Mrs. S. E. on the Loss of her Dog Fancy. By Capt. H—s.	163
The First Elegy of Ovid de Tristibus, to his Book. By Mr. Tho. Ulvedale,	164
A Description of a Beauty. By Sir. T. C.	168
A Prologue spoken to a Tragedy, at the New Play-house in the Hay-Market. By Mr. C—g—.	169
An Explanation of the Ænigma in the last Mercury. By Mr. All—n,	171
A Dilemma upon the Roman Eagle. By W. Colepeper, Esq;	172
A Song for the next New Opera. By the same.	Ibid.

✂ If any Gentlemen will assist us in our Undertaking, we desire they will direct whatever they send us, in Prose or Verse, to Mrs. Sheffield, at the Temple-Coffee-house in Fleetstreet; or to Mr. Andrew Bell, Bookseller, at the Cross-Keys and Bible in Cornhill.

We v
Conf
for C
it our
made
We w
'tis no
their
help t
Quest
they a
their
Secur

THE
Muses Mercury:
OR,
Monthly Miscellany.

For the Month of JULY.

THE following Satyr was communicated to us by a Gentleman who wrote it some time since ; but the Occasion of it being still as crying as ever, the Clamour against the Stage, 'tis thought it may now be both useful and diverting. We would, by no means, countenance what is amiss in the present Constitution of the Theaters ; we are satisfied there's Matter enough for Censure, and a great Necessity of *Reformation* ; but we do not think it our Business to set up for *Reformers* ; and a little Modesty would have made those Gentlemen, who have attack'd them, say the same. We would ask the most noisy of the Enemies of the *Drama*, Whether 'tis not convenient, that those who have a great deal of time lying on their Hands, should have some useful Recreations invented for them, to help take it off ? And if they will grant me that, I will ask another Question, What can be more instructive than the regulated Stage ? If they answer, 'Tis impossible to regulate it, as they seem to infer from their Arguments against it, we have done with them, till they give Security that the Cause shall be decided upon that Issue.

The *STAGE* Vindicated:

A SATYR.

By I. H. Esq;

WHat Madness has possess't this snarling Age,
 To rail at Wit, and damn th' instructing Stage?
 Who are these rude Reformers, who pretend
 The Manners of the British Muse to mend?
 Look o'er the List, and name me if you can,
 A Just, Judicious, and Impartial Man:
 The best of these Declaimers are but Tools,
 Set up to vindicate the Cause of Fools;
 Hypocrisy from Satyr's Lash to skreen,
 And cover Vice from the correcting Scene.

In Athens, we are told, the Wise and Great
 Believ'd a Stage the Bus'ness of the State;
 Their Treasures they exhausted, to support
 The Pomp and Splendor of the Muses Court:
 Not Xerxes his innumerable Host,
 Which stretch'd from Asia to the Attick Coast:
 Not all their Conquests o'er the Realms around,
 More Riches cost, or made 'em more renown'd.
 Poets and Plays were then the Rulers Care,
 Nor was the Priest more rev'rend than the Play'r,
 Nor less the Stage respected than the Chair.
 The Bards by Lessons of Eternal Truth
 Delighted and inform'd the Grecian Youth.
 Not the four Cynicks with their rigid Rules,
 Nor the Grave Ethicks of the Sages Schools;

So

So fitted their Aspiring Souls for Fame,
 And fill'd 'em with a true Heroick Flame.
 For that Instruction which with Pleasure's join'd,
 Insinuates it self into the Mind;
 While the dry Precepts of the Chair offend;
 And that which gives Offence will never mend.
 Are Coll--r and his Crew in such Esteem,
 That we must raze our Theaters for them?
 Let those who bid the wicked World Reform,
 First shew their Zeal is chaste, as well as warm:
 Who take upon them to Reflect should be
 From all Occasion of Reflection free.
 I laugh to hear a common Cheat declare
 Against the Lewdness of a Play or Play'n:
 To see a proud Absolving Priest pretend,
 That Haynes was not so good a Saint as Friend:
 Or a dull Vicar, to improve his Hint,
 Two thousand bawdy Texts produce in Print;
 As if 'twas something that deserv'd our Praise,
 For Priests, instead of Pool, to study Bayes.
 'Tis plain their sullen Souls are so unclean,
 That ev'ry thing they touch becomes obscene;
 For he who on the Stage was but a Jest,
 Grows, by their Magick, to a monstrous Beast:
 So deadly is the Poyson of their Pens,
 It turns to Filthiness the fairest Scenes.
 For as the Grand Elixir, we are told,
 Converts the coarsest Metals into Gold;
 So these Vile Cens'urers, by a surer Charm,
 The brightest Virtue into Vice transform.

Suppose some Plays have been Profane and Lewd,
 Is that an Argument that none are good?
 And when a Poet's Licence is too strong,
 Or is the Art or Artist in the wrong?

But oh ! the Players are debauch'd ; What then ?
 Why say you not the same of other Men ?
 You drink, you deal, and at the Temples pray,
 With such as are no better Saints than they.
 Who for Religion has the less Respect,
 When Priests the Duties which they preach neglect.
 We take not at the Preacher's Life Offence,
 If by his Learning we are taught, or Sense :
 Truth, from whatever Hand it comes, is still
 The same, did ever please, and ever will ;
 We mind not what he does, but what he says,
 Nor how the Player lives, but how he plays.
 When Vice grows ev'ry where into Disgrace,
 And Reformation is no more Grimace ;
 When High and Low shall good Examples give,
 And Parsons, as they teach the People, live ;
 The Players will, we warrant, do the same :
 For Custom is in fault, and Custom is to blame.
 Let ev'ry Man at Home the Change begin,
 And see if by themselves they'll dare to sin :
 'Till then at Poets, or at Play'rs to rail,
 Is trifling all ; for Fashion will prevail.

Tho' Bedf----d is of Cant and Nonsense full,
 Coll----r, we own's as pert as he is dull ;
 Yet both of them we equally despise,
 The Sophist's Quibbles, and the Canter's Lies.
 Are these before the Antients to be heard,
 And wretched Sophistry to Wit prefer'd ?
 Is Coll---r's Pertness a sufficient Plea
 To ruin Socrates's Authority.
 The Wisest of his Time, the best of Men,
 Delighted in a moving artful Scene.
 Euripides he honour'd with his Praise,
 And lov'd the Poet, and approv'd his Plays.

*The Sage the vilest of Affronts had born,
And seen his Innocence abus'd with Scorn;
His Person, Character, and Name profan'd,
When Satyr loosely like a Tyrant reign'd,
Yet greatly he the Poets Spleen disdain'd,
And never of the dang'rous Stage complain'd;
For conscious of his Worth sublime, he knew
A Jest would injure none, unless 'twas true.*

*Did Aristotle dream, or Horace doat,
When Rules for the Dramatick Muse they wrote?
Are Lelius and Scipio's Names so mean,
They have not Credit to support the Scene?
Do's Cæsar's high Example nothing weigh,
Who was himself the Father of a Play?
Did Tully from the Consul's Rank descend,
To own the Player Roscius for his Friend?
Did the fam'd Hero's of that glorious Age,
Demean themselves to study for the Stage?
Or are we wiser, or more virtuous grown,
To rail at Labours they were proud to own?
Religion should, you say, our Souls refine,
And all our Joys be like our Hopes, Divine;
What was to them, is not to us allow'd,
To Idols and Mechanick Gods they bow'd,
But Vertue yet and moral Good they knew,
And taught those Truths that will be always true;
Nor did they Vice or wicked Wit allow,
But what was Reason then, is Reason now.*

*The Clergy are you say abus'd, you jest,
Can any Man abuse a wanton Priest;
A drunken Vicar is his Gown's Disgrace,
And Faction ill becomes a Preacher's Place;
If any such there are, the Church disowns
The Race, unworthy to be stil'd her Sons.*

The Muses Mercury,

We can't enough expose the Proud and Lewd,
 Nor can we praise enough the Wise and Good;
 These as Heav'n's Messengers we shou'd revere,
 But who will in the Cause of those appear;
 And tho the reverend Robe we must regard,
 A Coxcomb shou'dn't for his Cloth be spar'd;
 Good Wits, like Judges, when a Parson's play'd,
 Before they lash the Man, the Priest degrade,
 Reason and Decency have set the Rule
 To save the Function when they shew the Fool:
 A Sot's a Sot, whatever Name he wears,
 And Trappings cannot hide an Asses Ears.
 The Wise and Sober are from Satyr free,
 But Sots and Coxcombs are her Property:
 The Good have nothing from the Stage to fear;
 The Bad must mend, or we shall meet 'em there.
 Folly, no Matter whose concern'd, and Vice
 Have ever been the Poet's lawful Prize.

But Virtue, you object, is still reproach'd,
 And all the shining Characters debauch'd;
 The Men of Wit and Breeding are profane,
 And e'en the Women impudent and vain;
 The Dorimants and Belfonds whore and swear,
 And * Harriet's as false as she is fair.
 The Business of the Stage is to expose
 The Vain and Vicious, whether Belles or Beaus:
 And how shall we their Faults or Failings guess,
 Unless their Manners they by Words express;
 But Coll---r shou'd of all have taken Care,
 The Crime which was his Monarch's Crime, to spare;
 Those Characters of which his Friends complain,
 Are the true Pictures of that glorious Reign.

* Harriet the Character of a Filt in Sir Fopling Flutter.

*Love was the Mode, the ready way to rise,
And Favour the profuse Reward of Vice;
The Poets were too fond to purchase Fame,
The Town corrupted, and the Stage the same;
The Bards will do like others, and the Fault
Is theirs who would be pleas'd, and not be taught.
Truth had been thought too savage and severe,
And they were loth to write what none would hear;
'Twas then that the Dramatick Wits were told,
Their Ladies must be free, their Lovers bold;
Then nothing could be taking, nothing good
That was not very vicious, very lewd.
The Prince was of Sir Courtly pleas'd to say,
It wanted Smut, and that wou'd damn the Play.
With Pride the Poet his Reproof receiv'd,
The Fault was mended, and Sir Courtly liv'd.
When Kings upon the Bards such Laws impose;
Do these deserve to be condemn'd, or those.
Kings o're the Theaters extend their Sway,
And Poets passively like Priests obey,
Judge right, and to its Rise the Scandal trace,
Who gave the Pension, and confer'd the Bayes.
If Limberham was lewd, the Lawreat knew
For whom he wrote, and what with him would do;
If Virtue would have pleas'd, the Men of Wit
Had fall'n on Vice, as they to sooth it writ;
They err'd, but yet their Art was still the same,
And those that tempted 'em to err, to blame.*

*Again you cry, the City is expos'd,
And Secrets of domestick Wrongs disclos'd;
Cuckolds are made, and wealthy Knights abus'd,
And Ladies of dishonest Joys accus'd;
The careful Merchant is a Scoundrel made,
A Balk to Business, and a Slur on Trade.*

Thus

The Muses Mercury,

Thus Industry and Dealing are disgrac'd,
 And Idleness and vain Profusion prais'd;
 The Man that thrives is treated like a Cheat,
 But Prodigals extoll'd as truly great;
 His Worship rails, and takes it in Disdain,
 To have his Furr affronted, and his Chain.
 'Tis rude indeed, and we shou'd better know
 The Duty we to Wealth and Titles owe;
 No matter if the Miser racks the Poor,
 And beats the Beggar from his spacious Door;
 No matter if my Lady jilts the Knight,
 The Scandal may from Envy rise or Spite:
 But is't impossible to find a Knave
 As cruel as he's rich, as false as grave?
 And cou'dn't we, if it were allow'd us, name
 A fondling Husband, and a faithless Dame?
 A scraping Father, and a Spend-thrift Son,
 Or Damsel by too hasty Love undone?
 Or vain Coquets to Courtly Airs pretend,
 Or rob the Cuckold to enrich the Friend;
 Or wealthy Widow wedded to a Rake,
 Or blooming Maid to her Embraces take,
 A grisly Cripple for the Jointure's sake:
 Yet these from Satyr should, you say, be safe,
 And tho we see their Faults we must not laugh.
 No, by no means, with any thing be free,
 But Bus'ness, and its Slave Hypocrisy;
 Rare Doctrine this, and worthy to be broach'd,
 By such alone as fear to be reproach'd,
 By formal Fops, who by devout Grimace,
 For Saints among the Weak and Women pass.
 By busy Rogues who bustle and pretend
 The fair industrious Dealer to commend;
 Yet when an Usurer or Cheat is shown,
 They winch, as if the Picture was their own;
 Are these of such Importance we shou'd fear,
 To grate upon a griping Miser's Ear?

*Sir Clodpate too is in a mortal Rage,
To see his Dogs insulted on the Stage;
And when the Justice fills the drunken Scene,
He crys the Magistracy's made too mean;
Hard Hap! If such as are to keep the Peace
Uncensur'd, may not break it when they please.
The Jest their Worships tell us is unjust,
And dare not our impartial Satyr trust.
Let 'em be still offended, is it fit
That Wit shou'd yield to them, or they to Wit?
Shou'd Bards, to humour 'em, transgress their Rules,
And err against their Art to flatter Fools;
What Pow'r superior to the Force of Sense,
Can silence 'em, or with their Laws dispense;
Both Knaves and Fools must stand the Poets Test,
And either be a Nuisance or a Jest.*

*Our Poets, faulty as they are, have shown,
Severe Examples to this erring Town;
The Prodigal in Timon's Fate may see
The sad Effects of Vice and Vanity;
How those who crowd the treating Cully's Door,
Court when he's rich, and curse him when he's poor.
The powder'd Fop an empty Fool appears,
And blushes at his own affected Airs;
The Gay Coquet may in this Mirror view,
How false Accomplishments belie the true;
The fickle Fair her Error may perceive,
And Women not be false, or Men believe;
The Ways of Life are suited to each Kind,
And Manners in the School of Wit refin'd;
Men learn to live, and Women to appear,
The Good to pity, and the Bad to fear;
For change the Tale of Joy to that of Woe,
And let the Tragick Muse her Terrors show:*

The Muses Mercury,

Can you in K--gs empty Lessons find,
 Such moving Truths to work upon the Mind.
 The Libertine who burns with lawless Fires,
 Sinks in the Scene, and in blue Flames expires.
 How oft has Vice been follow'd to the Throne,
 And Tyrant Kings in bloody Colours shown.
 The Maximins who Jove's high Wrath defy'd,
 Have bled, and for their dreadful daring dy'd;
 Usurpers in the Fortune of Mackbeth,
 Have seen their Usurpation end in Death;
 And impious Queens in Nourmahide may see,
 Nor Rank nor Sex from Heaven's Revenge is free.

But with what Brow cou'd Coll--r lash those Scenes,
 That pleas'd the greatest and the best of Queens:
 What Writer wou'd not of that Work be proud,
 Which Mary lik'd, and God-like Anne allow'd.
 The sacred Sisters on the Drama smil'd,
 Which he with lewd Reflections has defil'd;
 And, what they deign'd to favour, to condemn,
 Is less a Censure on the Stage than them;
 And only such as durst disown their Sway,
 Would blame the Poet when they approv'd his Play.

Oh had our Poets other ways to please,
 And was their Art as great as their Success;
 Cou'd we of nothing but their Smut complain,
 Coll---r wou'd write, and Bedf--d snarl in vain;
 The Scene wou'd triumph, and her Foes with Shame,
 Renounce their Error, and record her Fame.

Were Farce and Fustian banish'd from our Stage,
 And justly did our Poets laugh or rage,
 The Theaters would thrive, and Art succeed,
 And Poets e're they write would learn to read;

for the Month of *July*, 1707.

161

*Nature would be the Writer's faithful Guide,
And Sense no longer be by Sound supply'd ;
Truth wou'd prevail, and Humour take her Place,
And Action ne're be injur'd by Grimace.*

** Oh may I live to hail the glorious Day,
And sing loud Peans, &c.*

** Lord Roscommon on Transl. Verse.*

To Mrs. Harsenet.
On the Report of a Beauty,
Which she went to see at Church.

By Mrs. A. Behn.

A S when a Monarch does in Triumph come,
And proudly leads the vanquish'd Captive home,
The joyful People swarm in ev'ry Street,
And with loud Shouts the glorious Victor meet.

*But others whom Misfortune kept away
Desire to hear the Story of the Day,
How brave the Prince, how gay his Chariot was,
How beautiful he look'd, with what a Grace ;
How rich his Habit, if he Plumes did wear,
Or if a Wreath of Bays adorn'd his Hair :
They think 'twas wondrous fine, and long much more,
To see the Conqu'ror than they did before.*

X 2

So

So when at first by Fame I only knew
 The Charms so much admir'd and prais'd in you ;
 How many Slaves your conqu'ring Eyes had won,
 And how the wond'ring Crowd did gazing throng,
 I wish'd to see, and half a Lover grew,
 Of so much Beauty, tho my Rival too.

I came, I saw you, and I must confess,
 I wish'd my Beauty greater, or yours less ;
 Alas ! My whole Devotion you betray'd,
 I only thought of you, and only pray'd,
 That you might all your jealous Sex out-do
 In Cruelty as well as Beauty too.
 I call'd a Amintas faithless Man before,
 But now I find 'tis just he should adore.
 Not to love you, if such a Sin could be,
 Were greater than his Perjury to me ;
 Thus while I blame him, I excuse him too,
 Who can be innocent that looks on you.

But, lovely Chloris, you too meanly prize
 The Treasures of your Youth, and of your Eyes ;
 Ne're hear his Vows that he to others swore,
 Nor let him be your Slave, that was a Slave before ;
 He oft has Fetters worn, and can with Ease
 Admit them, or dismiss them, as he please.
 A Virgin Heart you merit, that ne're found
 It could receive, till from your Eyes, a Wound.
 The Soul that nothing but their Force could fear,
 As great, if that can be, as you are fair.

To Mrs. *S. E.*

On the Loss of her Dog *FANCY*.

By Capt. H----s.

I.

CLoe, the Creature you have lost,
We envy and despise;
A Crown is hardly worth the Cost
Of Tears from those bright Eyes.

II.

While on your Lap he slept by Day,
And on your Breast by Night,
What fruitless Vows did Sylvia pay,
For Fancy's vain Delight.

III.

How worthless he of so much Bliss,
To lie within your Arms;
He senseless met the fondling KISS,
And stupid saw your Charms.

IV.

Ah think of this, and soon you'll see,
The Weakness to deny:
Let Strephon be as blest as he,
And Fancy's Place supply.

The

The First ELEGY of Ovid de Tristibus, To his BOOK.

By Mr. Tho. Uvedale.

Without me, little BOOK, go visit Rome ;
 Alas ! thy Master must not thither come :
 Go, but all rough, and negligently drest,
 And let my Fate be in thy Looks exprest :
 No crimson Juice my gloomy Front adorns,
 For gaudy Colours suit not One that mourns.
 No gay Vermillion paints thy Title-Page,
 But foul it looks, as if abus'd by Age.
 No Oyl of Cedar on thy Leaves bestow,
 Nor with white Corners grace thy sable Brow.
 Let no smooth Pumice-stone thy Forehead clear,
 But go uncomb'd, with loose disorder'd Hair :
 Such Decorations happy Volumes grace ;
 Wear thou my present Fortune in thy Face.
 Thou must not be of Blots or Stains ashamed,
 What Praise can'st thou expect when I'm defam'd.
 Go BOOK, and in my Name the City greet,
 I thither may return upon thy Feet ;
 And since I must not Rome in Person see,
 At least I'll visit her in Poetry :
 If some perhaps among the Crowd there are,
 Who mindful of me, ask thee how I fare.
 That I'm alive, but not in Health, reply,
 Ev'n Life I owe to Cæsar's Clemency.
 Be careful how thou dost this Matter touch,
 'Tis better say too little than too much.

Soon

for the Month of July, 1707.

165

Soon as the Reader views what thou hast brought,
His Mind reflects upon my former Fault,
And by the Publick I am guilty thought.
Let them rail on; be sure thou dost not speak;
Defending makes a feeble Cause more weak.
Perhaps thou'lt find some who my Fate deplore,
Nor with dry Eyes can read these Numbers o'er:
But softly prays, lest Spies should over-hear,
That mighty Cæsar would be less severe:
For their good Will, may Fate, whoe'er they be,
Ne'er frown on them, as it has frown'd on me.
Let gracious Heaven their friendly Wishes bless,
May God-like Cæsar's dreadful Anger cease,
And I have leave to die at home in Peace.
But some will blame thee, BOOK, because not writ
With the same Genius, spritely Air, and Wit,
That through my other Poems brightly shine,
And charm the Ear in ev'ry flowing Line.
The Time and Subject a true Critick weighs,
Be those consider'd, thou wilt merit Praise.
From chearful Souls harmonious Numbers flow,
But mine's o'ercast with Clouds of lasting Woe.
Verse still requires our Thoughts should be at ease,
How can I then expect that these should please,
Compos'd in Winter Storms, and on tempestuous Seas.
Who can make Poems in a Fright? I feel
Methinks against my Throat the pointed Steel.
My Fears for trivial Errors will atone;
True Criticks will suppose my Case their own.
Had Homer but with half my Woes been prest,
The Weight had damp'd that Fire which warm'd his Breast.
No more, my BOOK, be fond of empty Fame,
Nor think it to be damn'd by Fools, a Shame;
For Fortune has not been to me so kind,
That I with vain Applause should please my Mind.

Time

The Muses Mercury,

Time was that I was fond to wear the Bays,
 And strove by Verse to win immortal Praise;
 But now 'tis well I don't the Muse abhor,
 Which banish'd me to Scythia's barb'rous Shore:
 'Tis well that I can artful Numbers bear,
 And do not in a Rage the Paper tear.
 Go quickly, little B O O K, or thou wilt see,
 How much I am a Foe to Poetry.
 Think not because a Stranger thou dost come,
 That thou can'st long conceal & remain in Rome:
 For though no Title does thy Forehead grace,
 They'll know the Author by thy mournful Face.
 Enter by Stealth, lest some thy Verse disdain,
 Which cannot, as of old, their Favour gain.
 If some perhaps the dang'rous Page shou'd fear,
 And e'er they read it, fancy Poyson there;
 Bid them behold the Title Page, they'll find,
 No am'rous Verses to debauch the Mind;
 For what I have already writ, I feel
 Too much, in wanton Songs again to deal.
 Thou think'st perhaps, but that's not my Intent,
 That thou to visit Cæsar's Court art sent;
 The Gods of those exalted Tow'rs I dread,
 Their Thunders aim'd at my devoted Head.
 Once I remember they indulgent were,
 But now they frown, and I their Anger fear.
 As from the Fold the Lamb's afraid to play,
 That once to Wolves was like to fall a Prey:
 So having felt the Arm of Jove before,
 I tremble when I hear his Thunder roar.
 What Pilot that well knows the shelfy Coast,
 Will steer his Ship, where he before was lost.
 Fain would my Tempest-beaten Vessel shun,
 The dang'rous Ocean, where the Storm begun.
 Fly, fly the Court, be circumspect and wise,
 And satisfy thy self with vulgar Reader's Eyes.

His Banish-
ment.

While

His
pho

for the Month of *July*, 1707.

167

*While Icarus soar'd too high with daring Plumes,
He fell, and from his Fall the Sea its Name assumes.
'Tis hard to give Advice in this Affair,
Unless I could my self be present there.
If thou to Cæsar can'st Admittance find,
Lolling at Ease, when Time has calm'd his Mind,
And do'st to Pity see his Soul inclin'd :
If some kind Courtier is so much thy Friend,
To introduce thee, and my Verse commend,
Go then with prosp'rous Stars and sure Success,
And use thy Pow'r to make my Sorrows less :
For he that gave the Wound which now I feel,
Can, like Achilles Weapon, only heal.
But have a Care, lest thy officious Love,
Instead of serving me, my Ruin prove.
Weak are my Hopes, my Fears more strongly reign,
For shou'd'st thou raise great Cæsar's Wrath again,
How justly should I then of thee complain.
But when thou mak'st my Study thy Retreat,
And sit'st upon my Desk, thy proper Seat ;
Upon the Shelves thy Brothers thou wilt see,
Those elder Off-springs of my Poetry,
With equal Care and Pains produc'd by me.
My other Books all Paper-Labels wear,
And in their Front their various Titles bear.
In a dark Corner thou'lt three Volumes find,
To teach, as Rome well knows, soft Love design'd :
Shun 'em, and tell 'em they deserve the Fire,
For that, like Oedipus, they've slain their Sire.
And if a Parent's Words have Pow'r to move,
Avoid 'em, though they sing of Joy and Love.
Of Shapes transform'd fifteen sad Volumes mourn,
As from my Fun'ral Pile they had been torn :
Bid 'em, amidst their Transformations, place
My sudden Change of Fortune and Disgrace ;*

His Metamor-
phosis.

Y

For

The Muses Mercury,

For ah ! her Face is alter'd much of late,
 Unlike the present to my former State.
 A thousand things besides I have to say,
 But I'm unwilling to prolong thy Stay ;
 And should'st thou carry all I have to speak,
 The pond'rous Load the Bearer's Heart would break.
 'Tis far, make hast, from my Misfortunes fly :
 Ah ! what a Land is this to Italy ?

A Description of a Beauty.

By Sir T. C.

I Love you for your squinting Eyes,
 They'll breed no Jealousy ;
 When you perhaps on others look,
 They'll think you look on me.
 I love you for your Sparrow-Mouth,
 For in an am'rous Close,
 There's room on either side to kiss,
 And ne're offend the Nose.
 I love you for your Pudding-Waste.
 If you a Taylor lack,
 We need not send to France for him,
 We'll fit you with a Sack.
 Venus perhaps might comelier be,
 But had not such Variety.

I love you for your Copper-Nose,
 The Feature's ne're the worse ;
 I find the Metal in the Face
 You wanted in the Purse.
 I love you for your rotten Teeth,
 A fine new-fancy'd Grace ;
 You wear black Patches in the Mouth,
 'Tis common in the Face.
 I love you for your Blubber-Lips,
 In them I Thrift propose,
 Fit Dripping-Pans they're for your Eyes,
 And Save-Alls for your Nose.
 Venus perhaps might comelier be,
 But had not such Variety.

A Prologue spoken to a *Tragedy* at the New
 Play-house, in the *Hay-Market*.

By Mr. C----

HOW bold a Venture does our Author make,
 And what false Measures to his Wisbes take ?
 How could he hope the Tragic Scene should please,
 When Ari's a Jest, and Sense a loath'd Disease ?
 What Prospect of Advantage could he find,
 In the just painted Passions of the Mind,
 And the sublimer Draughts of Human-kind ?
 Who listens now to Nature's charming Voice,
 When all are pleas'd with empty Show, or Noise ?
 Loud tumid Bombast, or lewd Farce, and Dance,
 The far-fetch'd Trash of Italy and France ?

}

The Muses Mercury, act 1

Odd indigested Whims, like sick Mens Dreams,
 Th' abortive Births of Fancy's wild Extreams;
 Begot by Ign'rance, without genial Fire,
 Tho pert, and noisie, as their thoughtless Sire.
 The Chaos of the Brain———
 When jarring Atoms in Confusion hurl'd,
 Compose the medley-State of this mad World.
 Yet these please now your vitious Palates more,
 Than your wise Sires, the Comick Muse of yore.
 The Comick Muse, the Glory of our Nation,
 Is thrown aside, despis'd like an old Fashion.

In vain with Toil the artful Poets strove,
 Your fickle Tast to please, and to improve;
 For to good Plays when e'er we went astray,
 You warn'd us of the Errors of that way;
 We stood corrected by your awful Hiss,
 Conscious too late, that we had done amiss;
 And with fresh Labour some new Toy prepar'd,
 Which with your Smiles in Justice you reward;
 For you what various Dishes have we drest,
 And what strange Olio's, have set out our Feast;
 Song, Dance, and Farce, Past'ral, Rhiming, Ranting
 And nothing that was odd there sure was wanting.

This once then, pray forgive th' instructive Scene,
 In Pity to our Bard suspend your Spleen.
 That the young Fop in time may hit your Tast,
 And make amends for this dire Trespass past.
 He swears if you'll forgive this one Offence,
 He for your Sakes no more will sin with Sense.
 He'll pay the Homage to your Rigour due,
 To make you sure his own, he'll think, and write like you.

*An Explanation of the ÆNIGMA in
the last Mercury.*

By Mr. All---n.

SAwcy Muse, pray clip your Wings,
Meddle not with sacred Things,
Learn by your poor Neighbour's Fate,
Not to play with Church or State;
Let this or that be what it will,
'Tis for you too mighty still.
Keep your self from Faction clean,
We shall soon see what you mean;
No such Riddles now will pass,
But prove your Mercury an Ass.

WE are very thankful to the Author of this Explanation, for putting us in mind of our Engagement, not to meddle with Faction: And we desire the Gentlemen that assist us, not to draw us into their Opinions, by *Riddles* and *Mysteries*. They will not be able to do it with Openness and Sincerity; and we shall avoid being impos'd upon by them as much as we can. However, when the Satyr is general, we don't think we break in upon our first Stipulations with the Publick. All abusive Reflections on particular Persons, if we are conscious of them, we shall reject, having the last Contempt for those that have endeavour'd to divert the World at the Expence of another Man's Character; as being very well satisfy'd, there is no Villany of which such a Person is not capable.

A

*A Dilemma upon the Roman Eagle.*By *W. Colepeper, Esq;*

OR Hist'ry's forg'd, and impudently claims,
 For ancient Marlbro's, great immortal Names,
 Or fumbling Earth, by long Productions worn,
 Casts Austrian Sons, and teems in Nature's Scorn.

A Song for the next New OPERA.

By the Same.

I.

WHen Cloe smiles, resistless Powers
 In flame my Heart with am'rous Passion;
 But when she scowls, and pouts, and lours,
 There's no such Dowd in all the Nation.

II.

For Beaus that quit her, let her burn,
 Let the Scotch Pox and French attend her;
 Or let her clear those Brows that turn
 A Venus to the Witch of Endor.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

In the Mercury for the Month of May, p. 108. l. 5. for *Show* r. *Sue*. l. 27. for *Cafe*
 1. *Ease*.